

The Democratic Pioneer.

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VOL. 8.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.
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POETRY.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

NOTHING TO WEAR.

Miss M'Finney, of Madison Square,
made three separate journeys to Paris—
her father assures me, each time she was
there.

She and her friend Mrs. Harris,
who had been so famous in history,
and who, without romance or mys-
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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1857.

J. B. GODWIN, Editor.

NO. 6.

That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me.

Well having thus wooed Miss M'Finney and
gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that con-
tained her,

I had as I thought, a contingent remainder,
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as his escort by day or by night,
And it being the week of the Stackup's grand
ball—

Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set all the avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go,
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first
sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught
her—

Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you
sinner,

I thought that you went to the Flasher's to
dinner?"

"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swal-
lowed."

"And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine or
more."

"So being relieved from that duty, I followed
inclination, which led me, you see, to your
door."

And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and graces, and presence to lend,
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will
borrow)

To the Stackup's whose party, you know, is
to-morrow—

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly "Why Harry,
mon cher,

I should like above all things to go with you
there;

But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by
far,

I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stackup's horizon—I stopped for her-
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery

[Continued in our next.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Chamber's Miscellany.

THE HUSBANDS SECRET.

One day a good many years ago, a
young woman knocked at the door of a
little cottage, in the suburbs of the town
of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The knock was
immediately responded to by the opening
of the door from within. An aged woman,
neatly dressed, and who had evidently risen
from her wheel, was the sole inmate of
the little cot.

"Does your heart, girl," said the dame,
as she entered with her visitor, and sat
down to the wheel again, "there must surely
be something particular about you to-day,
for you did not use to knock."

"I was afraid some one might be with
you, mother," said the girl, who had taken
a seat opposite the spinner.

"And though a neighbor had been here,"
replied the dame, "this surely wouldn't
have frightened you away. But the truth is,
you have some thing to say to me, Catharine,"
continued the speaker, kindly;

"out with it, my dear, and depend upon
the best counsel that old Hannah can give."

The young woman blushed deeply, and
did not speak.

"Has William Hutton asked you to be-
come his wife, Catharine?" said the dame,
who easily and rightly anticipated the mat-
ter that was in the thoughts of her youthful
visitor.

"He has, mother," was the reply.

"Well, my dear," said she, after a short
pause, "is it not this what you have long
expected, ay, and wished? He has your
heart; and so I suppose it needs no wish
to tell what will be the end of it."

"This might be all very true, but there
was something on Catharine's mind which
struggled so to be out, and out it came.

"Dear Hannah," said she, seating her-
self close by the dame, and taking hold of
her hand, "you have been a kind friend—
a parent—to me since my poor mother
died, and I have no one to look to for ad-
vice but yourself. I have not given Wil-
liam an answer, and I would not until I
had spoken to you; more especially as
something—as you once said—"

"What did I say, Catharine?" interrup-
ted the old woman; "nothing against the
man you heard, kind-hearted, industrious,
and every way well-behaved."

"Yes, Hannah," replied the woman; "but
you once said, after I brought him once or
twice to see you, that you did not like
those—those sort of low fits that some-
times fall upon him even while in your
company. I have often noticed them
since, Hannah," continued she with a sigh.

"Pledge on my thoughtless tongue, for
saying such a thing to vex you, my dear
child! He was a soldier, you know, a
good many years ago—before he was twenty—
and fought for his country. Perhaps
he may have seen sights then that made
him grieve to think upon without blaming
himself. But whatever it be, I meant
not, Catharine, that you should take such
a passing word to heart. If he has some
little cares, you will easily soothe him and
make him happy."

As the worthy dame spoke, her visitor's
brow gradually cleared, and after some
further conversation Catharine left the
cottage lightened at heart with the thought
that her old friend approved of her follow-
ing the course to which her inclination led her.

Catharine Smith was indeed well enti-
tled to pay respect to the counsels of Han-
nah. The latter had never married, and
had spent the greater part of her life in
the service of a wealthy family at Morpeth.

When she was there, the widowed mother

of Catharine had died at Newcastle; and
on learning of the circumstances, Hannah,
though a friend, merely no relation, had
sent for the orphan girl, then ten years of
age, and had taken care of her until she
grew fit to maintain herself by service.
On finding herself unable to continue a
working life longer, Hannah retired to
Newcastle, her native place, where she
lived in humble comfort on the earnings
of her long career of servitude. Catha-
rine came back with her to Newcastle, and
immediately entered into service there.
Hannah and Catharine had been two years
in these respective situations when the di-
alogue which has just been recorded took
place.

On the succeeding expiration of her
term of service, Catharine was married to
a young man whose name had been stated
as being Wm. Hutton. He was a joiner
by trade, and born, as Hannah had said,
an excellent character. The first visit
paid by the new-married pair was to the
old woman, who gazed on them with a
truly maternal pride, thinking she had
never seen so handsome a couple. The
few years spent by Hutton in the army
had given to his naturally good figure, an
erect manliness, which looked as well in
one of his sex, as the light, graceful figure,
and fair, ingenious countenance of
Catharine, was calculated to adorn one of
woman kind. Something of this kind, at
last, was in the thoughts of Hannah. When
Catharine and her husband visited the
dame's dwelling.

Many a future visit was paid by the
same parties to Hannah, and on each suc-
ceeding occasion the old woman looked nar-
rowly, though as unobtrusively as possible,
into the state of the wife's feelings, with
a motherly anxiety to know if she was
happy. For, though Hannah, seeing Catha-
rine's affections deeply engaged, had made
light of her own early remark upon the
strange and most unpleasant gloom occa-
sionally, if not frequently observable, in
the look and manner of William Hutton,
the old woman was never able to rid her own
mind altogether of misgivings on the sub-
ject. For many months after Catharine's
marriage, however, Hannah could dis-
cover nothing but open, unalloyed happi-
ness in the air and conversation of the
youthful wife. But at length Hannah's
anxious eyes did perceive something like a
change. Catharine seemed sometimes to
fall, when visiting the cottage, into fits of
abstraction, not unlike those which had
been observed in her husband. The aged
dame had felt greatly distressed at the
thought of her dear Catharine being un-
happy, but for a long time she held her
peace upon the subject, trusting that the
cloud might be a temporary one, and would
disappear.

It was not so, unfortunately. Though
in their manner to each other when togeth-
er, nothing but the most cordial affection
was observable; Catharine, when she came
alone to see Hannah, always seemed a prey
to some uneasiness which all her efforts
could not conceal from her old friend. Even
when she became for the first time a
mother, and with all the beautiful pride of
a young mother's love presented her babe
to Hannah, the latter could see signs of a
secret grief printed on Catharine's brow.

Hoping by her counsel to bring relief,
Hannah took an opportunity to tell the
young wife what she had observed, and
earnestly besought her confidence.

At first Catharine stammered forth a
hurried assurance that she was perfectly
happy, and in a few seconds belied her
words by bursting into tears and owning
that she was very unhappy.

"But I cannot, Hannah," she exclaimed,
"I cannot tell the cause—even to you."

"Don't say so, my poor Catharine," re-
plied Hannah; "it is not curiosity that
prompts me to interfere."

"Oh, no, Hannah," replied the young
wife, "I know you speak from love to me."

"Well, then," continued the dame, "open
your heart to me. Age is a good adviser."

"Is your husband harsh to you?" asked
Hannah.

"No," cried the wife; "man could not be
kinder to woman than he is to me."

"Perhaps he indulges in drink; in—"

"Hannah, you mistake altogether," was
Catharine's reply; "my husband is as free
from all such faults as ever man was."

"My dear child," said the old woman, al-
most smiling as the idea entered her head;
"you are not suspicious—not jealous—"

"I have never had a moments cause, Han-
nah," answered Catharine. "No my griefs
are not of that nature. He is one of the
best and dearest of husbands."

Old Hannah was puzzled at these replies,
as she was distressed by the open avowal
of Catharine's having some cause of sorrow;
but seeing that her young friend could not
make up her mind to a disclosure at the time
the aged dame gave up her inquiries, and
told Catharine to think seriously of the pro-
prietty of confiding all to her.

Hannah conceived that, on mature con-
sideration, Catharine would come to the res-
olution of seeking counsel at the cottage. And
she was not wrong. In a few days
after the latter conversation, the young
wife came to visit Hannah again, and after
a little embarrassed talk, entered upon the
subject which was uppermost in the minds
of both.

"Hannah," said Catharine, "I fear you
can serve me nothing—I fear no living bod-
ing can serve me—O, Hannah, good as
my husband appears to be—good as he is—
there is some dreadful weight pressing upon
his mind, which destroys his peace—
and mine too. Alas! the gloomy fits
which you as well as I have noticed in him,
are not, I fear, without a cause." Catharine
went in silence for a moment, and then,
continued: "All that I know of this cause
arises from his expressions—his dreadful
expressions—while he is asleep at my side.

"Amen!" cried Catharine and her hus-
band.

Peace and happiness, as much as usually
fall to the lot mortals, were the lot of
Catharine and her husband from this time
forward, their great source of disquietude
being thus taken away. The wife loved
her husband more, from the discovery

but her good sense led her to suggest, for
the comfort of the poor wife, that it was
perfectly possible for her husband to con-
sider himself a murderer in his sleep, and
speak of it, without the slightest reality in
the affair.

"Ah

